

THE PACIFIC

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A NEW YEAR MESSAGE.



BEHIND us is a death-strewn year; about us, a bleeding and broken world; before us a struggle whose cost and end no man can measure: but above there is light on the way to the World's Renewal. To walk in The Way is the challenge of the New Year.

To do this will demand **Insight to Distinguish** between that which abides and that which must perish; **Willingness to Co-operate** through the forces which must rebuild our crumbling world, readiness to recognize the Power and Purpose of God; **Comradeship** in the love of a common cause.

Come what may, God lives; the human soul is unconquerable; Truth and Right, Beauty and Goodness, Wisdom and Love make their everlasting appeal; the Eternal Christ leads on.

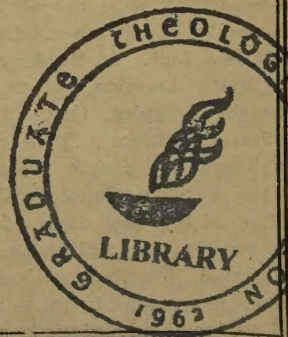
In the New Day, **Religion** will rise above sect and letter; **Education** will go beyond the formal and the material; **Industry** will transcend competition and greed; **Statesmanship** will prepare the way for **Brotherhood and Peace**.

Three forces, toiling together, must fashion the future; the spirit of **Science**, with a fearless demand for **Reality**, the spirit of **Democracy**, with a universal call for **Service**, the **Spirit of Christ** with His undying faith in **Love**.

To the realization of this three-fold spirit, let us commit ourselves, until we can think steadily in the warmth of its revealing splendor, live loyally under the inspiration of its redeeming vision, walk worthily in the fellowship of those who with us shall build the City of God.

RAYMOND C. BROOKS.

Pastor of First Congregational Church, Berkeley.



THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier, ... Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

WHAT AN EASTERNER ONCE THOUGHT OF CALIFORNIA, WHAT HE THINKS NOW, AND WHAT HE SAYS OF THE POSSIBILITIES MATERIALLY AND SPIRITUALLY ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

President Main of Iowa College was one of the speakers at the Semi-Centennial of the Pacific School of Religion in October, 1916. One of the addresses given by him at that time as on "The Possibilities of a School of Religion on the Pacific Coast." This address was given only to a small group at the dinner for the trustees and faculty on one of the days of that anniversary week. What was said therein has come to our attention only in the book entitled "Religious Progress on the Pacific Slope," a review of which is made in The Pacific this week. In that address there are certain thoughts and statements which we deem worthy of special presentation and emphasis at this time.

California the Center of a World in the Making.

"I used to think California was at the end of things—hemmed in by mountains on one side, and by the great ocean on the other," said President Main. "I thought of it as as magnificent, but alone. I am happy to say that this was a superficial opinion and not a judgment. My judgment now is that it is not the end of things, not even the beginning of things—it is the center of a world now in the making."

In that connection President Main said: "Any one looking on the map of the world on Mercator's projection must at once be struck with the strategic position of this city. It is the center to which all lines converge. This is not fancy. It is a fact. At its door are the states of the west coast of South America. Near at hand are the riches of the untouched empire, that unexplored portion of the United States—Alaska. This city is in hailing distance of Cape Town and South Africa; and in direct line, by way of the Panama Canal, with the great countries and great cities of the east coast of South America. It has a strategic position in relation to Australia and India. The Panama Canal, together with its own location, given it by nature, has made it in a new sense a world-center. What of material advantage can this land ask that is not within her reach? The greatness of her opportunity will be limited only by the capacity of the men of the Coast. You have an eminence now; you are destined to be preeminent—not necessarily tomorrow; but in

a hundred years or five hundred years, for the greatness before you is due partly to the inexhaustible possibilities of a new and untried world. Hence the greatness of perpetuity is yours if your understanding is equal to the task of applying means to an end."

"Let your imagination have play," said President Main to his hearers that October semi-centennial anniversary day. "The march of civilization began somewhere in the East. It moved westward. Not very long ago Germany, France, Britain, were new. Gradually they came within the reach of Roman civilization. Finally a new world was discovered. Men crossed the new world and came finally to the Pacific. California furnishes a magnificent setting in the completed circle of human advancement. It is a center, especially a potential center. It is a radiant promise of a dominating and renewing influence in the growing world. . . . California faces the greatest opportunity and at the same time the greatest responsibility that has been given, I truly believe, to any group of people since the march westward began. The Pacific and its islands, China and its people and the people of the Far East are the gifts of God to California. How will you view them? How will you treat your opportunity?"

President Main said then: "The greatness of the commercial opportunity invites and demands a tremendous spiritual energy to save it from being merely materialistic. It gives a splendid opportunity to demonstrate that the function of religion is not to build up a spiritual world but to spiritualize the material world. On a large scale this has never been demonstrated. Every activity of business, every transaction of diplomacy, every work of subduing nature ought in time to feel the touch of the man Christ—that is, the touch of vital, purposeful, public-spirited living, informing it at every point. We should not tolerate the treatment of religion in any sense as a refuge from life. It is an invitation to life, a challenge for heroic living. Religion is life."

In the course of his brief address at that dinner for the faculty and trustees of the Pacific School of Religion, President Main expressed the judgment that the Pacific Coast is in "a peculiarly favorable position for constructive work," religiously. He had been saying that there was nothing more needed in the world today that "a reinterpretation of Christianity in terms of today's needs." Nothing more needed than an insight into the trend of life and an adaptation of the religious conception of life to that trend. The thought was that the vital phrases, the thrilling ideas, of the past are becoming merely empty words—and this "not because they lack the truth but because they no longer fit our needs or our growing understanding of the world and life." We are living too much in our past," remarked President Main; "we are much in the position of the Jewish Church at the time of the coming of Christ, which had crystallized into forms that were great and vital when new, but had ceased to permit of further expansion." And then to indicate why in his judgment the Pacific Coast was in a peculiarly favorable position for constructive work he said: "Its life has not yet been crystallized into set moulds. It is fluid. It can, with far less opposition and struggle, work out a new interpretation of religious truth. Its pioneer spirit is not dead. It is hospitable to growth and change. Its faults arise from this fact—and its opportunities equally arise from it. . . . The vitality and richness, the progressive character of your spirit are fostered by the fact that to you come people from every quarter of the globe. All points of view are represented among you. Comprehension and mutual understanding cannot help stimulating a very eager and

versatile people. There is no place on the globe that should be more favorable to the development of a vital and creative religious life that will interpret religion as the spirit of all true living and as the means of human welfare in the deepest sense of the term."

It was in this connection that President Main remarked that the world was just beginning to realize the greatness of Jesus, that his leavening and creating influence in politics, in economics, in social up-building is only beginning to dawn on the consciousness of men; and, accordingly, that what the new world, and especially the new parts of the new world, must do, and do with emphasis, is to show that Jesus is majestic and dynamic as a world power. And so it was that the visitor from the East, the president of one of the great educational institutions, invited here to give one of the principal addresses at the Semi-Centennial of the Pacific School of Religion, said to the trustees and faculty of that institution that October day in this the second decade of the great twentieth century: "A new emphasis, I venture to say, on the greatness of Jesus, is the demand made on this School of Religion—located as it is in this garden of the Lord, at the end of the new world, and looking forward to the beginning of a new world in the oldest of lands."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM A PASTOR TO A BROTHER PASTOR!

The letter written in reply to the one by the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, which was published in *The Pacific* last week, has been sent to *The Pacific* with the request—or perhaps we should say with the hope—that it be published. We quote from a personal letter to the Editor sent in connection therewith:

"I am enclosing copy of a letter which I am today mailing to Dr. Brooks in answer to the one which appeared in *The Pacific*. If possible I would very much like to have my answer published, either with my signature or without, as seems best, but preferably with it. There are many of my friends in ——— who will recognize the quotations, and it seems to me only fair that if possible they should hear the answer. If you leave out the first and last paragraphs of my letter to Dr. Brooks, it will take little more space than his did. In answering him I stuck entirely to the religious issue without discussion of the political questions involved, therefore I hope that you will feel that the letter is of such a nature that you can publish it. Of, course, if you can spare the space, I would prefer to have it all published without the omission of the paragraphs referred to.

"If you do not feel that you can print it, please return the manuscript to me as soon as possible, so that we may make other arrangements for the publication of it. I know that your position in regard to publishing such things is a hard one under war conditions, but I have tried to stick so closely to the religious theme that it might be of such a nature as to bear publication in *The Pacific*."

Justice and fairness to this brother demand that his letter be published. And yet the Editor of *The Pacific* isn't going to be just and fair. This is not because he doesn't desire to be, but because he is so circumstanced that he can't be. *The Pacific* doesn't belong to its Editor. Personally, he would be willing to do the right with respect to this letter though it might bring down a storm of wrath on his head, but he doesn't want a storm of wrath to come down on *The Pacific*. It is well enough that editors should die doing the right, but not that a paper like *The Pacific* should die.

Is it so bad as that? No, the letter ought not to create much of a flurry! We say "ought not." But it was written by a real pacifist, by a conscientious objector—by one who doesn't believe in war; and although, as stated in his note from which we have quoted, is carefully written, it would be seriously objected to; it would be said that *The Pacific* was shooting at our soldier boys in the rear. It matters not that the letter is—in our judgment—one that a church paper ought to be willing to publish at any time. The pastor who wrote it attempted to be careful in his expressions and as to the scope of his article; he succeeded in his attempt. But he was handling what is now a fire-brand. All he wished to do was to make plain his position and that of others like him, which he says it seems to him Dr. Brooks has failed to understand. He says to Dr. Brooks in the beginning of his letter: "I have no more desire than you have 'to be confused by any easy literalism.' Nor do I desire, in what I say, to be understood as criticising those who interpret the gospel differently from myself. It is simply that the matter in question is a vital one; and, therefore, it is worth while perhaps making my position somewhat more clear." The closing words are: "I want to say again, in closing, that I have nothing but the most kindly spirit toward those who understand the gospel another way, but as for me, I cannot believe that God requires me to assist in defending his truth—or his people—by a method which involves from my standpoint such an entire 'moral surrender' of the whole Christian position."

MORE CONCERNING THE CASE OF THE CONVICTED CHRISTIAN PACIFISTS.

The Editor of *The Pacific*, laying down one letter, takes up another. It is brotherly and kind—greatly in contrast with some of the letters received in the twenty years of editorial work on *The Pacific*! It starts with "Dear Brother"; and the writer means it! Presumably, this letter was not intended for publication—but only a clipping enclosed. If this communication had been intended for publication it wouldn't have been necessary to return it to the writer, as it several times has been necessary in our editorial work, and ask that it be rewritten in a Christian spirit, so as to make possible its publication in a religious journal. There was no disposition to jump on the Editor or on some contributor, smash him and stamp him into the dust of the earth. We have pleasure in quoting at length from this letter:

"I take pleasure in enclosing check for another year's subscription to *The Pacific*, which I always welcome as one of the best papers of its size that comes to my desk. At the same time permit me to say that I have read with sorrow and deep regret the article on page 3 of December 20th, entitled "The Convicted Pacifists."

"The notice of the main facts of the case and the confident expression of readiness to trust the final decision of the superior court to which it is to be referred seems to me altogether fitting and admirable.

"At the same time it appears to me a most regrettable misuse of our Congregational organ on this Coast, to make it the medium of disseminating at this time of popular excitement the bitterly partisan statements and insinuations of the 'Leaflet' from which quotations were given.

"Certainly no impartial person can read that leaflet without seeing on the face of it abundant evidence that it was prepared with a very definite and artful purpose to discredit the action of the government in dealing through its agents in the primary court with the opponents and critics of its policy.

"Is it not obviously unfair to give currency to such insinuations without any counter-balancing statement or reply from the other side of the case?"

"That there is another side to this case, I think you will see from a clipping from our local paper, which I take the liberty of enclosing, showing what the opinion of the great majority of Los Gatos people is in regard to what these convicted men really stand for and to what end their public activities are being directed.

"Perhaps a statement of the character and purport of the enclosed clipping would be only a fair counter-weight to things already given from the other side."

The clipping was the published telegram sent to President Wilson on the 19th of last December by five Los Gatos pastors. It was:

"According to press report, a local church organization, Rev. Robert Whitaker, pastor, wired you their personal protest against the prosecution of Robert Whitaker and others in police court, Los Angeles, Cal, for holding pacifist meeting, after being forbidden so to do by the police. In regard to this and similar communications, we beg to register our protest. We object to the use of the sweet name of religious liberty to foster sedition and disloyalty, thus giving aid and comfort to German wolves. Actions just now speak louder than telegrams. Los Gatos in action always goes over the top among the foremost American towns in drives for Men and Money."

This telegram was signed by the pastors of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, the First Presbyterian Church, the "Christian" Church, the rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church and the pastor of "First Baptist Church—as recognized by the Denomination."

At the time when the editorial was written, the Editor of The Pacific had not seen this telegram. The Pacific for December 20th was printed the night of the 19th, and the final copy therefor was in type the night of the 18th. Why was there not some mention of this the following week? For the same reason, presumably, that no mention was made of the telegram sent by the friends of Mr. Whitaker. We have no remembrance as to why there was no mention of these. And yet we know why. Ever since the Editor of The Pacific became a newspaper man thirty-seven years ago in Indiana, where his first paper was issued weekly, it has been his rule to try to give the readers of the papers which he has edited reading matter which they have not had before his papers were issued. This Los Gatos protest was in the daily papers; it was sent all over the country by the Associated Press; it was exactly the kind of matter that the papers want; there is, probably, not a home into which The Pacific goes, into which there does not also go a daily paper. If The Pacific were not carefully edited men like Dr. Washington Gladden would not say that they read it more closely and get more out of it than they do out of any other publication received by them.

We do not think the quoting from that leaflet was a misuse of The Pacific. We believe that we acted in the true Christian way when we gave them such a "hearing." And we believe that it would be unfair now to quote that Los Gatos telegram and at the same time fail to state that Dr. Whitaker and other Los Gatos pastors have long been out of harmony because of his liberal declarations on theological and industrial and economic questions—especially so with the "First Baptist Church—as recognized by the Denomination." Dr. Whitaker is pastor of the Baptist Church not recognized by the Denomination.

Finally: We do not believe that the ministers or the people of Los Gatos or of the State of California should try

to settle this question; the highest courts of the land should settle it. It is too intricate, too vital for anything but the most careful consideration of the ablest of judges. Not only the present is involved, but past and future. A little later we may find time and space to show this conclusively to all our readers.

A WORD FROM CANADA.

Brantford, Ont., Canada, Dec. 21, 1917

Dear Dr. Ferrier:

I thank you for your splendid article on "The Russian Situation and what it Foretokens." As I read your message I thought of the following passage from "The Next of Kin"—a fine book by Nellie L. McClung, (which I had the privilege of reviewing recently): "When the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa were burning, the main switch which controlled the lighting was turned off by mistake and the whole place was plunged in darkness, and this added greatly to the horror and danger. The switch was down a long passage through which the smoke was rolling, and it seemed impossible for anyone to make the journey and return. Then the people who were there formed a chain, by holding each other's hands—a great human chain! So that the one who went ahead felt the power of the one who came behind him. If he stumbled and fell, the man behind him helped him to his feet and encouraged him to go on. In this way the switch was reached, the lights turned on, and many lives saved. Over the world today roll great billows of hatred and misunderstanding, which have darkened the whole face of the earth. We believe that there is a switch if we could get to it, but the smoke blinds us, and we are choked with our tears. Perhaps if we join hands all of us we will be able to get to what a few of us could never do. This reaching out of feeble human hands, this new compelling force which is going to bind us all together, this deep desire for cohesion which swells in our hearts and casts out all smallness and self-seeking—this is what we mean when we speak of the "Next of Kin." It is not a physical relationship, but the great spiritual bond which unites all those whose hearts have grown more tender by sorrow, and whose spiritual eyes are not dimmed, but washed clearer by their tears!"

Also, in connection with your statement that "this is an era of the unthinkable and impossible, perhaps we should say of the seemingly impossible," the following lines from the book I have mentioned seem apropos:

"When all the evidence is in—
When all the good—and all the sin—
The Impulses—without—within
Are catalogued—with reasons showing—
What great surprises will await
The small, the near-great, and the great
Who thought they knew how things were going!"

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year, believe me,

Very cordially yours,

W. J. THOMPSON.

SECRETARY BAKER'S DEMOCRACY.

The Public, a journal of Democracy, published in New York City, has an editorial on "Mr. Baker's Democracy." Among the things enumerated as indicating a thoroughly up-to-date democratic spirit are these: "It is also that as chairman of the Council of National Defense, he has found the time and the thought and the courage to insist

upon the democratic spirit in our industrial mobilization as well. He has established a merit system for the promotion of officers. He has also insisted upon fair standards of wages, hours and conditions for employees engaged in war industries, and has fostered by every legitimate means the principles of industrial democracy. Months ago he telegraphed to the Western lumber operators an urgent request that they grant the eight-hour day and other concessions—a course that would have frustrated the I. W. W., not by lynchings, deportations, and prosecutions, but by correcting the abuses that called the I. W. W. into being. And after months of loss and delay, the lumber operators have adopted this remedy, persuaded at last by President Suñallo and Dean Parker of the University of Washington."

A LOOK BACKWARD—SAN FRANCISCO IN 1852.

Many of the readers of The Pacific will be interested in the leading editorial in The Pacific the first of January, 1852. It bore the caption "The New Year—Then and Now." It contrasts San Francisco and California as they were at that time with what they were three years earlier. The Pacific was issued a day or two in advance so as to be in the homes of many on that New Year day. We quote the editorial only in part:

"Three years ago and now—what a change! The year 1849 opened on the few of us then here far differently situated. The gold had been discovered. The tide of immigration had set in from the coast north and south, and from the islands of the Pacific. We were then waiting to hear the first report in answer to our discoveries. What has actually transpired we then partially anticipated. But the half did not enter into our dreams. The future history of the country was then a problem. The extent and permanency of our mineral wealth were yet unknown. The agricultural resources of our thousand valleys were undiscovered beneath the wild herds and grazing flocks that fattened on the oats, and reposed under the shade of the mountain pine, the oak of the plain, or the butter-nut and willow by the stream. We had then neither a Territorial nor a State government. We had of course no incorporated city. We had no mail from any quarter of the globe. We had not a Post Office. Not a Protestant Church was then organized. One only Protestant service was held in all the land. Not one school invited the few children here needing instruction. Not a stage then afforded the traveler a transit between one place and another. Only one wharf—that half finished, broken and unsound, stretched out into deep water. Not an ocean or a river steamer had disturbed our waters. There were but few ships in the principal harbor. Not one comfortable hotel invited a guest. Not a hospital was provided for the sick. There was not one hearse to carry the dead respectfully to the grave. There was but one officiating Protestant clergyman to give the dead a Christian burial. There were but few comfortable houses; there were many tents; there were many sick, for whom there was scarcely a comfort; indeed there were scarcely comforts for the strong. There were no luxuries; there was rum in abundance. Such profanity was seldom before heard. There was more gambling afterwards. Sabbath-breaking was almost universal. Still there was no public disturbance, and life and property were more safe than they have been at some periods since. There were Alcaldes and Town Councils, but they did but little else than speculate in town lots. There were few town regulations, that were observed or not, ac-

cording to conscience. The custom house laws were alone enforced. There was but one newspaper published once a week. Such was California, January 1st, 1849.

"What a contrast then and now. We are an admitted State in the American Union. A third Legislature is about to convene. We have many chartered and growing cities. We have a fleet in our Bay second to only one in our Union, and five or six wharves receive the products of all climes. From eight to ten steamers leave these wharves daily for the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers. We have weekly communication by steam both up and down the coast. Ocean steamers arrive and depart weekly for San Juan and Panama. Lines of ocean steamers have recently been started to Australia and the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, though in its infancy, is known as widely as New York. We are now brought within twenty-five days of the Atlantic cities. Mail routes and Post Offices are established as regularly as in the oldest State. Stages connect with all the towns and important encampments in the interior. Luxuries abound. Hotels of high order welcome the stranger. Churches and schools are found in nearly all our cities and villages. We have twelve Protestant congregations in the city of San Francisco alone. A number of Academies have been instituted, and one College charter has been granted. Newspapers abound. Two religious weeklies are also in successful issue.

"In short, we are a State, great in natural resources, and unsurpassed in climate and productiveness. Our mineral wealth has been more and more developed, while the agricultural has surpassed even her warmest admirers. Though nearly a hundred millions of gold dust have been taken from the soil, though but few farmers, comparatively, have turned the sod, though fires have repeatedly and dreadfully desolated our cities; though the exigencies of the times have occasionally demanded the assumption of power by the people, yet we are today richer, better supplied, more comfortably housed, more conveniently transported, and more orderly and efficiently governed, and far more abundantly provided with presses, schools, and churches, than any other people who through a three years' existence have struggled through so many embarrassments.

"We are cheerful today as we enter on a new year. A bow of promise hangs over us on the bank of storms that one after the other have alarmed us. Hope animates us to a noble destiny. Let all today enjoy the prospects that open before us.

Let business be suspended. Let the day be spent socially. Let it be spent in the good old fashioned calls, of pleasant memory. We have families now whose circles will welcome the visitor. Only "look not on the wine when it is red." Let our ladies start the noble example already set them in the East, and pour the flowing bowl of coffee rather than of wine, and all will be well."

EXPERIENCES OF A PACIFIC COAST PASTOR ON THE WAR FRONT IN FRANCE.

The Rev. Dr. Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, writes from France, where he is engaged in Y. M. C. A. hut work: "I am increasingly conscious that I am just as much a soldier as thousands of other men, just as much necessary as that fellow who cooks the meals, just as much as the man who builds roads and never sees a gun, just as much as the staff officers whose duties keep them at a safe distance from the attacks of the enemy, just as much as the man in the

front trenches, who without all the rest of us would be helpless." In a note about the weather Dr. Freeman says that he sleeps on two blankets doubled up on a bed for a mattress, with a little excelsior under them, no pillow, and with five doubled-up blankets over him. He also wears at night his woolen socks and woolen helmet. If he forgets to put his poncho on top of his blankets at night he finds the blankets dripping wet in the morning, though sleeping in a tent. Dr. Freeman writes: "Men of every sort of life and calling are filling in wherever there is need, and none of us is doing the thing for which we are specifically trained. Meanwhile I am thoroughly satisfied that my part of the sacrifice has not been wholly in vain, and I am happy in having made it, and confident that I shall always be happy that I did make it." The need, he says, is tremendous; the opportunities, immeasurable.

"RELIGIOUS PROGRESS ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE."

The addresses and papers at the celebration in October, 1916, of the semi-centennial of the Pacific School of Religion have been published in an attractive book of 325 pages, bearing the title, "Religious Progress on the Pacific Slope."

It is aptly said concerning this book: "This volume is more than the record of an anniversary week. Its contents present past and present conditions on the Pacific Slope, and indicate the forward trend."

The first part of the book, "Democracy and Christian Leadership," contains addresses on "The Place of the Minister in a Democracy," "Will Jesus Survive?" and "Christian Leadership." These were given by Bishop McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, President Main of Iowa College, and Dr. Frank K. Sanders.

Part second, "Retrospect and Prospect," contains addresses on "The Origin and Growth of the Protestant Church on the Pacific Coast," "College and University Training," "Theological Education," "Social Betterment," "Religious Education," "Religious Work Among Immigrants," "Relations with the Orient, and "Religious Thought." These were by Messrs. W. W. Ferrier, B. J. Morris, G. T. Tolson, A. W. Palmer, M. B. Fisher, G. W. Hinman, H. H. Guy, and J. W. Buckham.

Part third contains the historical sketch of the Pacific School of Religion, by the Rev. C. S. Patterson; "The Faith and Courage of the Founders," by the Rev. Walter Frear, also historical; and "The Future of Pacific School of Religion," by President Nash.

Part four, under "The Larger Ministry of Schools of Religion," has addresses by President Main, Chaplain Gardner of Stanford, President Seaton of the College of the Pacific, and Bishop Bell of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. These addresses were on topics as follows: "The Possibilities of a School of Religion on the Pacific Coast," "Service to Social Order," "Service to the World-Wide Kingdom," "The Movement Toward Church Union."

On a closing page appears the Semi-Centennial Hymn, written by Professor John Wright Buckham.

There are full page portraits of Drs. Benton, Mooar, Dwinell, McLean, and Nash; also a page on which are grouped the members of the faculty.

Linking, as this book does, the past, the present, and the future, it contains much of present and future value. We hope that it will find place in many Pacific Coast libraries. It contains historical matter of value to be found elsewhere only by weeks of patient and laborious research and careful sifting.

The address by Dr. Walter Frear on "The Faith and Courage of the Founders" alone would make this book worth having. We turn to the pages on which that address is printed and then turn to the closing page and read Dr. Buckham's "Semi-Centennial Hymn":

"O God, above the drifting years
The shrines our fathers founded stand,
And where the gain appears
We trace the working of thy hand.

"Out of their tireless prayer and toil
Emerge the gifts that time has proved,
And seed laid deep in sacred soil
Yields harvests rich in lasting good.

"The torch to their devotion lent
Lightens the dark that round us lies;
Help us to pass it on unspent,
Until the dawn lights up the skies.

"Fill thou our hearts with faith like theirs,
Who served the days they could not see,
And give us grace, through ampler years,
To build the Kingdom yet to be."

Among the things in this book that many will take pleasure in are the fine pictures of Drs. Benton, Dwinell, Mooar, and McLean.

On the page next to the exceptionally fine picture of D. Mooar we read those words written concerning him by the Rev. H. E. Jewett a few days after this princely man had gone from us:

"Dr. Mooar has given us such a conspicuous example of a gentle nature, a simple faith, a spiritual life on earth, that for a long time to come it will be remembered among us how for more than two score years there was a man among us who was an Enoch among the patriarchs, a St. John among the apostles, an Abou ben Adhem among his fellow men—a man of whom all are reminded when they read: 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control.'"

We look at Dr. Dwinell's finely chiseled features and do not need to read on an adjoining page, "Dr. Dwinell had a mind of admirable insight, breadth and sagacity," and other words, in order to understand why Sacramento held onto him for fifteen years after he was first called to the Seminary, and why, when he did go our capital city declared that she had lost her "chief citizen."

We look into the face of Dr. Benton, read of some of his qualities and achievements, and are not surprised that Horace Bushnell once called him both the father and the mother of Congregationalism in California.

Then finally we turn to that page from which Dr. McLean looks at us in benign dignity, read of his far-reaching influence while pastor for twenty-four years in Oakland, of his work later in and for the Seminary, and agree with the declaration that historians will estimate him as the man of "the greatest worth to the Pacific Coast in his day and generation."

In the address by Albert W. Palmer on "Social Betterment," there was a look into the future and a prediction of an address, at the Centennial Celebration on "Social Betterment in California from 1916 to 1966."

Mr. Palmer said: "What fun it will be for me, an old man then of eighteen-seven, a little deaf probably, a little doubtful about the new-fangled social doctrines of the youngsters who are teaching in the Pacific School of Reli-

gion—what fun for me, I say, to come back and sit in the front row and listen to the paper on Social Betterment from 1916 to 1966! Really, I believe I will plan to be there!”

Young man, be you minister or layman, buy this book! It will be an inspiration to you many a time for the next forty-nine years—it will keep fresh in your mind these fifty years now past; and then in 1966 you can sit with Mr. Palmer in the front row day by day and enjoy beyond compare the whole Centennial program. Buy the book and plan to be there!

Pilgrim Press, Boston, \$2 net.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

“Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?” A timely text, this, just now? Dr. Campbell Morgan has preached on it several times of late in England.

“One must live the present without thinking of the future,” writes a young British crusader in France. “Put your trust in God! Everything happens according to his will, and it is ever for the best.”

Forecasting life in 1918, the *Lady's Pictorial*, a London publication, remarked a few weeks ago: “In 1918 people will have to make the best of home and make it as sweet as they can, for traveling will be practically ‘off.’”

The *St. Louis Christian Advocate* states that the church membership in St. Louis is not equal to the number of persons who were once church members but are not now connected with any church. The same paper also gives the reported statement of sixty thousand non-affiliated Protestants in Chicago.

An exceedingly suggestive war-time Christmas season picture in a New York daily paper showed two little children kneeling at their bedside just at bedtime—two stockings suspended from the mantle, a red and green wreath at the window; and underneath all, the words, ‘O Lord, please don't let Santa Claus be drafted!’

“A decision we must have soon,” says a London Journal, “for everywhere the masses of the nations are in that critical state in which the germ of sedition finds its best environment.” But there are no indications that there can be a decision soon. Conditions will be worse, far worse, before they are better. Civilization is diseased and the malady must run its course.

“On Friday for the first time in the history of the war,” says the *British Weekly* of November 29, “the bells of St. Paul's Church and of hundreds of churches throughout the land were rung in joyful recognition that a splendid victory had been won in France.” At the City Temple a board was put up bearing this inscription: “The City Temple has no bells. We say, Thank you.”

In a recent sermon Dr. J. D. Jones, a leading British Non-conformist, asked: “Do you think Jerusalem is the only place Jesus has wept over because it did not know the things which belonged to its peace?” The *British Weekly* reports: “Europe before the war, he continued, had rejected Christ or there would have been no war. The nations were scheming and plotting against one another, and multiplying armaments—insuring against war they call it; and if only they had known it they were making war inevitable. But Christ must be weeping over us still, said Dr. Jones, for we heard of after-war plans for crushing and isolating Germany, and there were some who advocated the old policy of

selfish nationalism. Were we going back to the ruinous race of armaments? The only way to insure peace was to carry out Christ's gospel of love and good will.” Let it be noted that it was only about five weeks ago that this eminent British preacher said these things.

Concerning the attendance at Christ Church, London, of which he is vicar, the Rev. Reginald J. Campbell says: “I am afraid that a congregation of persons from far and near who haven't very much interest in us will come from week to week. I very much prefer to have, and in fact must have, a congregation of people I can know and love?” The auditorium is not a large one. The first Sunday evening that Mr. Campbell preached at Christ Church “a crowd waited in the bitter wind at the back of the church people stood throughout the service.” Regular attendants are to have seats assigned to them, lest they be crowded out.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, far-famed preacher and author, is in Europe now. In an address in London he is reported as saying concerning our own land that “all are willing to send their sons to the war provided that the ultimate result is to be the laying down of arms and the living together of all the countries of the world in brotherhood and peace.” In an address on Prohibition Dr. Sheldon told of a commanding officer at the cantonment in Kansas remarking how quickly the boys there could be got ready for service because there was no alcohol in the camp? When Dr. Sheldon said, “I am asking you to make your camps as clean as ours are,” there was hearty applause.

“Ministers are asked every day, ‘What is God doing now?’ They say, ‘The war is going on and God does nothing.’ So remarked a London Congregational preacher recently. And then he went on: “But God is doing things that men never expected him to do—hidden things. It is our wrong expecting that blinds us. We expect one thing and God does another. But he is there. * * * Remember, the splendor of God was once seen on a Cross!” We link with the foregoing a few words from another British preacher, from a sermon on “Joy in God”—Campbell Morgan—“We are being tenderly taught today by the recession of all those things which we took so casually, that so long as we walk with God, we are immortal and indestructible, even if we have no bread.”

A few days before the British army captured Jerusalem the Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton said in a sermon in the City Temple, London: “When our army captures Jerusalem, pray that Jerusalem may capture us all anew. We need that old high religion and that passion for righteousness to transform our patriotism today. If we lose sight of Jerusalem, Athens fails, with all its intellectual power; Rome fails, with all its military might; London fails too.” Dr. Newton had expressed the judgment that there are four cities which stand supreme in the history of mankind—Jerusalem, Athens, Rome and London. As to London and Jerusalem, he remarked: “London, yes London, with its smoke and fog and its incessant hum—London is the mother-city of a mighty race. But of the four cities Jerusalem stands alone in the grandeur of its history. It shines with the light that never was on sea or land. Jerusalem was the shrine of the holiness of God, his unity, his spirituality, and his righteousness. No building can have the same place that the Temple has had in the history of humanity. There our poor brave human race has meditated and adored lifting up its hands in prayer.” And as he thought of the present and the future Dr. Newton said: “Always a dream cometh with the multitude of business; and it is always the dream that lifts up the business from brutality.” Never

more than now did we need that vision to save from utter defeat the very principles on which the peace and progress of the earth depend. We must remember Jerusalem in this world-war, for if we forget her the great conflict sinks to the level of a mere brawl in the dark."

A young Kentuckian who enlisted in 1915 in Canada and went to France as a private, becoming a sergeant while there, and getting a medal for special bravery, tells of a visit made to him by King George while he was in a hospital recovering from his wounds. We quote: "I thank you, he said, for myself and my people for your services. Our gratitude cannot be great enough toward men who have served as you have. He spoke in a very low voice and with no assumption of royal dignity. There was nothing in the least thrilling about the incident, but there was much apparent sincerity in the few words. After he had gone one of the nurses asked me what he had said. Oh, I said. George asked me what I thought about the way the war was being conducted, and I said I'd drop in and talk it over with him as soon as I was well enough to be up. There, happened one of the great disappointments of my life. She didn't see the joke. She was English. She gasped and glared at me, and I think she went out and reported that I was delirious again. Really, I wasn't much impressed by the English King. He seemed a pleasant, tired little man, with a great burden to bear, and not much of an idea how to bear it. He struck me as an individual who would conscientiously do his best in any situation, but would never do or say anything with the slightest suspicion of a punch about it."

"The word 'pacifist' cuts a large figure in conversation and in the prints," writes Dr. Charles E. Jefferson in the December number of the *Broadway Tabernacle Tidings*, "and it is interesting to note the variety of ways in which it is used. It is often employed in the sense of passivist. A pacifist is assumed to be a man who is passive. He does nothing. He is negative. He offers no resistance to anybody or anything. He is a jelly fish. He is a lump of dough. It is this sort of a pacifist which stirs sundry excitable individuals to wrath. But no one has a right to use the word Pacifist in any such sense. If a man wishes to talk or write against a Passivist, let him call him by his right name that the whole world may know just who it is who is getting the cudgeling. But the meaning most commonly given to the word just now is, one who favors the immediate ending of the great war. But this is a false use of the word pacifist. A man is not necessarily a pacifist because he clamors for peace, nor is a man necessarily a militarist because he favors the energetic prosecution of the war. President Wilson is a pacifist, has always been one, and is one still, but he advised Congress to declare war against Germany and is not going to favor the termination of the war until the desired ends have been attained. General Grant was a famous General, but he was all through his life a true Pacifist. He always contended that he had never heard of a war, the dispute which led to which could not have been better settled in some other way. Abraham Lincoln was a Pacifist, but he was Commander in Chief of the Union armies in the greatest of all our wars. A pacifist is a man who sees no glory in war, who abhors it as an unspeakable calamity, and who is willing to go into it only as a last and terrible resort. None of the greatest Americans have been militarists. They have all been lovers of peace, and have accepted war only when there was no honorable escape." Dr. Jefferson was among those who did everything they possibly could do to

keep our nation out of the war. But this is what he says now: "We cannot wash our hands and say, 'We will have no part in this business.' For we are citizens. We belong to the Republic. We are cells of a great organism. We are part of a huge bundle of life. When a nation is at war, every citizen is involved. Every citizen has duties which make sacrifices which are not called for in ordinary times. It will not do to say, I had nothing to do with bringing on the war, or I am opposed to all wars. The war is here, and no matter what we think or wish or feel, it is the duty of all citizens to do what lies in their power to bring the war to a victorious conclusion."

THE SOLDIER AND TOBACCO.

The Pacific has favored the furnishing of tobacco for soldiers accustomed to its use, but we deprecate the forcing process. It was brought out at the recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Washington that the American Tobacco Company was urging the newspapers to carry on an active tobacco campaign; and that young men who had never smoked until they went to the training camps had had tobacco forced upon them. One officer is reported as having said that tobacco may cause us to lose in this war. We cannot escape from the wonder whether it is patriotism or profit that is leading the American Tobacco Company to such activity. At the least, it would look more seemly if that great corporation were to let others lead in whatever tobacco campaign must needs be—for the good of the men who would perhaps be less fit for war duty if deprived of it after being accustomed to it in civil life. We can well understand what a comfort the pipe or a cigar would be to many a man at the front who had so accustomed. But tobacco is harmful. The time is not far distant when it will go, as strong drink is now going.

WHAT A MAN WHO HAS BEEN IN THE TRENCHES THINKS ABOUT THE WAR.

"The Spirit of America! There isn't any!" exclaimed Lieutenant Alexander McClintock of the United States Reserve, back from France not many months ago. A Kentuckian, he served as sergeant with the Canadians and has a medal for special courage and determination. Wounded in October 1916 he came home, and when restored to military fitness he volunteered for the Second Officers' Reserve Training Camp at Plattsburg. With this explanation, this statement as to who the man is, we quote him more at length:

"The spirit of America! There isn't any. They simply don't realize that we are in a war. When they do think of it, they think we've already won it. And we haven't it. As things stand now we are losing it. We are the under dog. The sooner we realize that the better. I tell you frankly, that I do not feel by any means sure of the outcome of the war. Look at the maps! Germany is ahead everywhere. We can beat her, but we can only do it by fighting as she has—as a united and aroused nation. Every man, woman, and child in Germany is fighting this war against us. We've got to fight it that way against Germany. It will be a long war in any case. It will be a long war with us as victors only if we all, every single one of us, give all we can, our money, our strength, our thought, our lives.

"We've got to wake up. It is harder for us, because it

is all so far away, and we can't get the idea of it all at first. But we've got to!"

Asked by a New York newspaper representative whether the soldiers were scared when they go into battele, Lieutenant McClintock replied:

"Of course they're scared. If a man isn't frightened when he goes under fire, it is because he lacks intelligence. There may be soldiers who don't get scared, but I'm not one of them, and I've never met one of them yet. But, remember this—there's one thing a man is more afraid of than he is of the Germans; and that is showing his mates that he's afraid! So they all go over the top together. It's the elbow influence that does it."

The idle times and the thinking are pretty nearly the hardest things for the soldiers, says McClintock.

"Of course, there are actual physical experiences now and then that are worse even than nervous idleness—standing up to your knees in water for seventy-two hours, for instance. But, generally speaking, it is true that the hardest part of soldiering is the mental part, and the times, when the men are not fighting, but just sitting 'round are the hardest times to bear—the times that break men down if they're not careful.

"You can't tell a man 'what it will be like at the front.' You can talk and talk and talk, but you can never make it tangible for him. In general, I think it is quite true that the soldier who goes into it for the first time is going to find the mental side harder and the physical side easier than he had expected.

"It is the thinking about it all that drives men crazy. I've know men to go all to pieces just siting around thinking. It gets on your nerves if you let it. The only thing to do is to laugh at everything. Keep jolly! Make fun of it all! You hear about the Tommies' jokes. Well, they'd go crazy if they didn't have their jokes. So they make a joke of everything."

As for the actual fighting Lieutenant McClintock says:

"You don't know what you're doing then. In action a man is dazed, his senses are benumbed, everything he does is automatic, he actually doesn't know what is happening. It was only the other day, for instance, that I learned what had happened on the day I was wounded. I ran across a man who had found out about it, and he told me that we were told to take two German trenches, and, by mistake, took three. I wasn't in at the end; I was wounded just as we got the first trench. But it is actually true that I didn't know anything about it. I wasn't picked up right away, either. I lay there from 6 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon before they got me."

"Lay there suffering all that time?" murmured the reporter sympathetically.

"Oh, the suffering wasn't so bad. I was hit through the thigh and busted an artery. I twisted a tourniquet around it and lay there and smoked cigarettes until they found me. I've known worse things."

And now we get a first hand estimate of the cigarette from a man entitled to speak at least for the persons accustomed to it:

"I tell you," he went on emphatically, "you people at home want to send the boys cigarettes. Not many at a time, but often. They need cigarettes. It's with a cigarette in his mouth that the soldier goes over the top. If it's night he can't light it, but if it's daytime it's lit. And, like as not, when the fighting is over he's still got that cigarette. People used to send me 500 or 1,000 at a time, but that was too many; I hadn't any place to carry them. The thing to do is to send a hundred every few days."

A GIFT FOR THE KING.

Christmas Message of Rev. Robert Whitaker, Pastor of the Congregational Church at Paradise, California.

We have heard much during recent years of "The White Christmas," and of making our gifts for "The King." The idea is good, and we would suggest one somewhat related to it for this year. What could possibly honor our King so much at this Christmas time as a real endeavor to take him seriously as the actual Master of our lives? We have honored him in song, and prayer, and worship; but how seldom have we honored him by real following. We have preached his divinity and have recited it in creeds, but have we not forgotten to practice it in our lives? He himself said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." Again, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in Heaven." Is it not plain in these words of our King that no theory of his divinity amounts to anything at all unless it makes us follow? And is it not just as true, that no matter what theory a man may hold, he has the heart of the matter if his conception is such as to really impel him to follow Jesus from day to day?

Would it not also be well to call to mind that a real practice of our faith in his divinity means that we must take him seriously now, not at some indefinite date in the future? We can imagine no more vital failure of faith than simply to postpone our following to some convenient season when following is easy because the whole world has come to see things through his eyes. What the world needs is to see Jesus now; and most of the men of this generation will never do so unless they see him in you and me. But they cannot possibly see him in us if we postpone our following until all the world has approximated to his standard, for there is small probability that that great day will come while any of us are alive. All down through the ages, the real progress of God's kingdom has come through the loyalty of the great souls who would not compromise. Dare we become one with them, with the martyrs and prophets of God, by taking Jesus seriously now, today? If so, then we have a fitting gift for Our King.

But if we would yield ourselves to this higher loyalty, must it not also mean that we must make his will and spirit dominant in all of our life so far as is possible, not merely in certain small sections of it? Can we deny the charge that, while as individuals we have to a certain extent tried to follow him, nevertheless, the moment we have associated ourselves together in social groups, such as corporations, or nations, we have acted as though we were perfectly free to serve "the world, the flesh, and the Devil? And is it not strange that we have been so slow to see the wickedness of the double standard? It is our King himself who has said, "No man can serve two masters." Is there, then, a greater gift that we can give Him at this Christmas season than simply our undivided loyalty? If we are to follow Him, is it not time that we refused to have part or lot in whatever activities cannot be reconciled with His law? May many of us take the words, "Whatsoever He sayeth unto you, do it," as our motto for the coming year! Let us think often of our Master's question, "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" And one thing let us remember! We cannot forever exist half Christian and half pagan! "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." If we will not follow, we must take the consequences. But, if we will "seek first His kingdom and His righteousness," honestly endeavoring to follow Jesus now, and in all of our life, then we may trust our Father to add all of the other blessings, even those things

which at the present hour men in their blindness are seeking to attain by the use of instrumentalities which few dare claim as Christ's.

AN ABSENT PASTOR'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO HIS CHURCH.

San Diego, Dec. 18, 1917.

To my good friends of Calvary Church:

It is a blessing that Christmas comes once a year. We cannot postpone it. We cannot forget. We are unable to vote it out of the calendar. There it is on the twenty-fifth of December, when our loved ones are with us and when they are away. Christmas morn breaks just as surely when we are at war as when we are at peace.

That is God's announcement that there are certain enduring values that are unaffected by strife or passion, that hold their place steadily whether the clouds lower or the day is bright. We trust that this Christmas just like every birthday of our Lord may bring to you its heartening message. Love, innocence, home ties, faith in one another and in God, unselfish service, the sweetness and joy of strong daily living—all that Jesus brought to us on his natal day still stand supreme. To each one of you, to all the dear folks at home we wish a "Merry Christmas."

ROY H. CAMPBELL

A VISITOR FROM OUR NORTHLAND.

The Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards of Spokane, Washington, is visiting his son, Lieutenant Edwards, at the West Cantonment, Presidio, San Francisco. In 1886, Dr. Edwards came to Spokane from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to the pastorate of what was at that time the First Congregational Church of that Pacific Northwest city. The church is now known as Westminster Congregational Church, it being possible several years ago to get consolidated with it another, with the name of Westminster Presbyterian Church, by taking along with the word "Congregational" the word "Westminster." When Dr. Edwards came to Spokane the population of the place was about 4,000. In the thirty-two years since his arrival in Washington he has had several pastorates and has served also as financial agent of Whitman College. About two years ago the College, in recognition of his distinguished Christian service in the Pacific Northwest, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Edwards shares with the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene of Seattle the honor of having had more to do in the laying of Congregational foundations in the State of Washington and in Northern Idaho, than any other workers now in that territory. Their work was not similar, however. Dr. Greene was for many years the Washington and Northern Idaho representative of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society and established the Sunday-schools from which have sprung a large number of our flourishing churches in that Pacific Coast district. Dr. Edwards was a pastor most of the time, but his work was far-reaching. He has been one of the best fellowship men we have ever known. And there is scarcely a church in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho with the founding or upbuilding of which he has not had something to do. All in all we rate him as one of the most valuable Christian workers the Pacific Northwest has ever had. When next a Pacific Coast Congress is held Dr. Edwards and Dr. Greene should have places of special honor.

QUEEN ANNE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SEATTLE, TAKES FOR GUIDANCE THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The Queen Anne Congregational Church of Seattle, of which Dr. Sydney Strong is pastor, sends out a leaflet reading as follows:

Where We Are Placing The Emphasis.

Believing that the world is in an era of great change in all social relationships; and fearing that the vital truths of religion have lost power to influence men, because its phraseology has lost its meaning for lack of use; or has been clothed upon with a mass of superstitious, non-essential, and distracting traditions, the Queen Anne Congregational Church herein states the purposes which it willingly assumes at this turning-point in the world's life.

The Church (Universal.)

By the onward march of life, humanity finds itself coming into a new environment. This necessitates a readjustment of values in order to be in harmony with the new conditions.

In this readjustment, the Church must give way to the Christ. Humanity cannot live upon material things, alone, but must become conscious of its spiritual supplies, as well.

Love is the Law of God. Love must guide all human action.

Love in action is completely described in the Sermon on the Mount.

The Sermon on the Mount is the Magna Charta; the Declaration of Independence; and the Constitution of the Christian. He needs no other law.

"Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, that do you unto them."

This is the perfect guide to conduct.

The Queen Anne Congregational Church,

Renewing its pledge to the Master, proposes to have for its guide, the teachings of Jesus on the Mount.

Its social program is to help, in the name of Love, whenever, and wherever, it can, without regard to Race, Color, Religion, Politics, or Nationality.

It believes in the God of Love, who bestows His blessings upon all men, alike.

It believes that all men are brothers, and that the God of Love is the Father of all, and loves each one as a son.

It presents no creed, nor statement of faith; but its doors are open, and a cordial welcome awaits within, for all who wish to help their fellows, and extend their love to God through the hearts of men.

Its attitude toward the needs of men is such that it would welcome the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth, as a foundation upon which to build a real Christian Civilization.

MOBILITY IN THE CHURCHES OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

Rev. F. C. Reid has resigned his pastorate over the Logan Heights' church, San Diego, to accept a unanimous call to the Congregational church in Corona. He came to San Diego about three years ago from the church of Maricopa. He has won the hearts of all his people and leaves with universal regret. The church in Corona, now that their burdensome debt is provided for, presents unusual attractions. Few men in the ministry aside from their able pulpit ministrations, are so faithful in every detail of ministerial work. This is an added blow to our struggling churches in this county.

Within six months, and a little more, as many pastors have resigned from their fields of labor. But in almost every

instance the places have been supplied by able, steadfast men. Chula Vista is fortunate in securing the services of Rev. George R. Lockwood of New York City. He is already at home and heartily at work in his promising and wide extended field.

Our old friend and faithful worker anywhere and everywhere, Rev. J. L. Maile, has consented to take the pastorate of Villa Parks, and the old church is already showing signs of growth and permanency. Rev. George W. Morrison calls it a rest that he is taking at Ramona; but such a preacher cannot be but a great blessing to any hill town he chooses to make his own for a season. His ministry already shows results of the best cultivation and fruitage. Rev. M. A. Frost has given up his pastorate in Lemon Grove, and is assisting in Camp Kearney in the service of the Y. M. C. A. Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees has resigned his Ja Jolla charge and accepted a call to the new church in Phoenix, Arizona. And so we might continue almost interminably. There are exceptions, however, and we could name a few who have not changed or wished to change their place. Dr. E. S. Hill was never more happily situated than now in National City. A short time since he celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is an example to us all, how to bring forth fruit in old age, and to grow old gracefully.

The three men in active service in San Diego county, among our Congregational ministers—who are among our most efficient workers, are all over 65 years of age. One is over 75, and one is 80.—A

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Read the record of the life of the Rev. Dr. Dyott, as found in our Oregon Letter this week, and you will be thankful that the Pacific Coast had his fine service the last ten years!

The Rev. R. H. Sink has presented his resignation as pastor of the Congregational Church at Stockton, asking that it take effect next June, on the 29th anniversary of his entrance thereon.

The Rev. Dr. McElveen of Evanston, Illinois, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Manhattan Congregational Church, New York City, and is to enter on the work early in February. Dr. McElveen was called last year to First Church, San Francisco, but decided at that time to continue in the East.

Word has come from Columbus, Ohio, that Dr. Washington Gladden had a stroke of paralysis recently and was thought to be in a critical condition. Many all over the land will hope that this grand man may recover health and strength and be with us years yet for our help and up-building in righteousness.

The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown, of Seattle, is writing the notes on the prayer-meeting topics in "The Congregationalist and Advance." Dean Brown of Yale has been released from writing the Sunday-school lesson comments and President Ozora Davis of Chicago Theological Seminary has been secured as his successor.

The Rev. F. F. Farrington of Petaluma is giving a series of War Sermons on topics as follows: The Home Base Back of the Lines, What Can We Do? "Over There," The Exemption of a Profession, Are Ministers Cowards or Poor Soldiers? Wanted:—Not Aristocracy or Democracy, but Theocracy. Will the War Give Us a Rainbow Church?

Next Monday, at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco, the Rev. Dr. Kloss will speak on "Church Advertising." One week from next Monday there will be no meeting. Adjournment thereof was made so as to permit attendance at the opening that day of the next semester in the Pacific School of Religion, at which time Dr. Stauffer will give an address.

Mr. Frederick W. Morrison entered on the work with Olivet Church, Oakland, last Sunday. Among the notes on the calendar was the following: "Olivet Church welcomes to the pulpit, today, her new pastor. The church feels that in this time of great turmoil and suffering, there is need for a church with a positive message of the Christian faith in every such community as ours. We are looking forward to the years of this coming pastorate with high hopes for a large place in this community for Olivet Church. Let every member put forth an extra effort to be of service to the church and its new pastor at this time." Mr. Morrison's residence is at 426 Hudson street.

OCEAN VIEW, SAN FRANCISCO.

Our little church has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mrs. Mary Hale, who was a deaconess and a charter member of the church, which was organized in 1890.

The funeral service was held in the church at 9 a. m. on Sunday, December 23rd. Friends and neighbors filled the church, thereby showing the high esteem in which "Grandma Hale" was held by the people that knew her best.

Mrs. Hale was born in the State of Michigan. She came to California in 1851; was married at the age of 16, and was the mother of nine children, seven of whom survive her.

Sunday, Dec. 23, we laid her to rest beside her husband and two children in the cemetery at Halfmoon Bay, awaiting a glorious resurrection.

The deceased was a pioneer of California, San Mateo County and Ocean View.

One of the Sunday-school boys remarked the day of the funeral of Mrs. Hale, that that Sunday began with sadness and ended with joy. For it was the evening of that Sunday that our choir gave us a Christmas cantata which was well rendered under the leadership of Mrs. Haynes. The choir consisted of boys and girls from our Sunday-school.

Our Christmas tree exercises took place on Saturday evening with a fine play, "The Christmas Spirit." About 175 crowded into our social hall, and everybody was made happy with gifts of candies, oranges, etc, the pastor most of all, because the church gave him a nicely engraved gold locket.

IN MEMORY OF ALICE E. HARWOOD.

Alice E. Harwood, eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. James H. Harwood, entered into a great peace December twenty-second, 1917, at the age of fifty-three. For nine years she had endured untold suffering, but she kept the faith, and was never known to utter one bitter word because of the affliction. Never during all that time, not even when so often the pain was more than she could bear, did her active interest in her life-work or her friends falter.

She was born in Crystal Lake, Illinois, where her mother had lived since girlhood and where her father held the pastorate of the Congregational Church. When fourteen, she joined her father's church in St. Louis. Four years of her

early life were spent at Oberlin College, then followed three years of teaching, after which she went to Chicago to prepare herself to be a missionary. In 1891 she was commissioned and sent to Japan, the first missionary of the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of the Pacific, where she spent seven years, the last four of which she worked alone, the only foreigner in Matsuyama. Following a sun-stroke she returned to America for a furlough, but soon saw that it would be impossible for her ever to live in Japan again. The next two years were spent in visiting the churches and telling of the work in Japan.

In 1900, aided by the earnest efforts of her mother, she started the first Mission for the Japanese on the Pacific Coast. To that Mission came one, M. Furuya, who had never come in contact with missionaries in Japan. He was surprised to be greeted by an American lady who could speak Japanese. Helped by her, he soon became a Christian, the first convert in the Mission. Now he is pastor of the Japanese Church she helped establish in Los Angeles. Other converts are scattered all over the world, and wherever Japanese are gathered her name is familiar.

In 1908 the sickness began, and although seven times she bravely went through desperate operations, after her recovery she was at work again. The Mission with its hospital ward was her first interest. Then she took up work among the Japanese women, having been put in charge of a Home for Japanese women and children. During the past two years she was busy helping in establishing a home for Japanese orphans. Always and ever, she had time to help those in trouble, adjusting insurance difficulties; straightening out misunderstandings between Americans and Japanese; interpreting in court cases; caring for frightened little Japanese ladies; getting care for the sick.

Her "boys" came first, but she never forgot her relatives and friends, and even at the last was busy planning the renovating of her parents' home. The end came after but a day of heart failure following a hard cold and cough. God gave her two moments of peace and freedom from pain just at the last, and after a few quiet breaths, each a little quieter and softer, she passed. The services were held on Wednesday at the First Congregational Church, not a funeral, but a time of Christian triumph. Rev. Mr. M. Furuya conducted the services according to her written wishes, reading scripture and telling of his own life in connection with hers. He said "She has not gone to a strange place. If witnesses are needed at the court of God, there are many there, both Japanese and Americans, who can say, 'I know her. I know what she did for me.'" Rev. W. P. Hardy spoke of the facts of her life. Chaplain Griffith of the Coast Artillery offered a most fitting prayer. Mrs. Lura Maile Bacon sang, "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto Me and rest,'" also "Bringing in the Sheaves," a song that Alice had loved to sing. Mr. Hayashi, one of "her boys," sang beautifully a hymn in Japanese, and six other of the boys she had loved were bearers.

There was no sorrow in gazing upon her face, for God had wiped away all traces of pain and left written there her beautiful character, and a look of secure and triumphant peace. The services ended at Evergreen Crematory with a prayer in Japanese. Besides her parents she is survived by her whole family, two brothers and four sisters and their children, with the exception of one baby boy who had gone before.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on,
Judge not the play before the play is done;
The plot has many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

W. B. M. P.

At the prayer meeting held in the Board rooms on Wednesday, Dr. Kelsey read the lesson, which was on The Master's Loyalty to His Cause. The necessity for a definite and guiding purpose in life was dwelt on; in the case of young people a thing to be strongly urged, Christian service offering a wide variety of opportunities from which to choose in this day and age.

Prayers for our young people were offered, that they may be led to see their responsibilities, and for ourselves that we may know how best to approach them.

The missionaries in China were remembered, those whose work has been so sadly interrupted by the terrible floods; and all our workers in their individual fields.

Miss Jennie Farwell of Saratoga was with us. It is hoped that our group may be greatly enlarged and come to include all the secretaries in the Congregational rooms. In Boston at 14 Beacon street, all the workers in the building assemble at noon for a brief season of prayer together daily. Who can estimate the part this gathering has had in producing the tremendous energy and enthusiastic service for which that building stands.

At the last board meeting the directors took pleasure in voting that Miss Callie M. Munger be engaged to assist in the hospital work at Lintsing in her capacity of trained nurse. To many of our friends our fruitless search for doctor or nurse to relieve Dr. Tallmon-Sargent of some of the taxing strain she has been enduring, is a familiar story. The fact that we have been able to secure a competent helper at this time when there is such unprecedented demand for nurses is a cause for thankfulness. The manner in which Miss Munger was led to accept a position at Lintsing is most interesting. With her mother she was taking a trip to China to visit her sister. On the same steamer were Mr. and Mrs. Vinton Eastman, returning to Lintsing after their year's furlough. During their stay in this country they had endeavored to find nurse or doctor to meet our want, but had been unsuccessful. Upon meeting Miss Munger they presented the situation with the happy result that has been stated.

The following letter from Miss Edith Tallmon, Dr. Susan Sargent's sister, expresses the state of mind with which Miss Munger will be received at Lintsing:

On the Grand Canal, Shantung, China,
Oct. 19th, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Wagner:

This is such a bright autumn day, and we Lintsing folks are glad to be nearing home, but we are especially glad that Miss Munger is one of the party. I saw her first in Peking, and while we waited there a few days until we could pass the Tientsin flood lake, she went to the Language school and got in touch with the methods of study the other new girls are using. So many people told her of places where nurses were sure to be in demand and yet she said, though she was glad to know of them, she wanted first to go to Lintsing and see if she could be useful there. So we are very glad, and I am thinking often what a comfort she will be to Susie in the hospital. Just now she and I are sitting on the wooden house-boat k'ang with Harriet and Dorothy Eastman, drawing pictures and telling stories.

Last Sunday we were in Techou with Miss Sawyer and the Tuckers. You have read of the break in the Canal which flooded the new compound. The walled city and south suburb where the church is located are high and

dry. But the new place, hospital, schools and residences are in the lake of flooded waters. It is sad to think what a loss this flood means and the money loss is only typical of expenditure of love and sacrifice and life energy. But it is grand to see the courage and cheer that these people are showing. The fine new girls' school had just begun its usefulness, and such a nice group of girls were gathered. They, with Miss Huggins and the teachers, are to come to Lintsing for the present. The boys hope to continue at Techou after the waters have lowered again. The hospital still has some cases, and the nurses and doctors are busily working. Moving supplies from the basement to the first floor, then to the second, was no small task. are busily working. Moving supplies from the basement but did not reach the second damp course by one inch. Boats landed at the front steps and took us from house to house. Compound and yard walls all fell in, and when we left Techou it was by a boat that went quite about the walled city to a place near the canal. One obstetrical case was there in spite of the flooded condition, and I saw the fine small son. Dr. Yang is there and much liked. We loaned her to Techou, since we had supposed Dr. Susan would not be here to work with her. We so like Dr. Chiang, who is at Lintsing, the man who was so long at Pang Chuang.

This isn't much of a letter, but I wanted to tell you of all the joy it is to have Miss Munger come to Lintsing, and of how very glad we are. We are not through yet of hearing of the visits the Eastmans had and all they saw of you and others.

With cordial wishes,
EDITH C. TALLMON.

HOPES.

Sweet Spirit of morn! like the breath of the Lord at
Creation,

Each day-dawn inspiring a sleep-sodden world's renovation,
How we marvel to see such full fountains of life and of
light

Springing new-born and bright from the dark silent womb
of the night.

Fair royal-robed lilies! all arts of adornment excelling,
And the glory and grace of the robes of the ransomed fore-
telling,

Your great artist works, weaving his wonderful web in a
fen,

Where in darkness lie seething things noxious and loath-
some to men.

Glad Season of Christmas and New-Year! the world thrills
with rapture

Beholding your glittering prizes and high hopes that cap-
ture

Their most eager desires: Yet the rarest allurements you
bring

Are but germs that lie waiting in winter, the warm breath
of spring.

Divine Law of Love and good-will among men! though for
ages

Despised, save by night-watching Shepherds and star-guid-
ed Sages,

And long trampled in dust, where war's merciless legions
have trod,

Thou shalt yet have a harvest to fill the great garners of
God.

A. FULLER.

Los Gatos, Dec. 25, 1917.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The people of Portland, particularly the members of the First Congregational Church of this city, were greatly shocked by the unexpected death of Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., at 10:25 a. m., December 23rd. He had been ailing for several weeks, but up to the fourth day before passing away, it was generally believed that he was holding his own, with a fair prospect of recovery, as the members of his church had granted him a leave of absence with full pay up to March 31, 1918, as it was confidently believed that, by having a thorough rest and a change of climate for that length of time, his health would be so fully restored as to permit him to go on with his accustomed duties.

Dr. Luther Robert Dyott was born on a plantation at Easton, Maryland, on March 28, 1863, and received his early education through a course of instruction by a private tutor, until he was fitted to enter an academy at Easton. After graduating from that institution he decided upon the ministry of the gospel as his life work and prepared for that service by taking a theological course at the Theological Academy at Westminster, Md., from which he was graduated in 1886. He was ordained in 1887, and his first charge was that of pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. While serving that church he met and was married to Miss Margaret Yantis. From that pastorate he was called to Alexandria, Va., to serve the Methodist Protestant Church at that place. His next charge was that of pastor of the First Methodist Protestant Church of Newark, Essex county, N. J. While there he organized three other Methodist Protestant churches, and owing to the interest he had shown in Christian work among young people he was elected president of the Christian Endeavor Union of his county—a fine testimonial to his effective service.

In 1901 he changed his denominational relation by becoming a member of the Congregational body of believers, and succeeded in causing two Congregational churches to co-operate with each other under the name of the "United Congregational Church," having a membership of 502. During his connection with this church Dr. Dyott took an active part in the civic and religious affairs of the city, and his service in this direction was publicly recognized by his being chosen as the President of the Brooklyn and Manhattan Ministerial Association.

It was during his six years' service in Brooklyn that he became intimately acquainted with the Revs. Newell Dwight Hillis, Albert J. Lyman, and Nehemiah Boynton, all of whom in previous years had preached in the First Church of Portland. It was through them that he learned of this church, and through them that this church was induced to tender him an unanimous call, which he accepted, and began his pastorate here in October, 1907.

During his career as a pastor in this city for the past ten years, Dr. Dyott was unremitting in all efforts to build and increase the influence of the church in this city as well as to aid by advice and with his means many of the churches of the Pilgrim faith throughout the State. In addition to these activities in connection with his own denomination, he received many calls for service in the conduct of funerals from persons outside of his own church membership; and furthermore he did a good deal of institutional work in the way of finding employment for those in need and counselling with those in trouble. Indeed, it might be said, in respect to this class of service, that the entire city was his parish. Eternity alone will reveal the amount of

good he accomplished by his unselfish efforts in this direction, as he never spared himself when the call of duty, as he saw it, came to him.

Here I think it may be said, without fear of successful contradiction, was the starting point of his ill health, as his sympathetic nature was frequently wrought upon by those in distress almost to the breaking point. And yet he would not have had it otherwise, could his desire have been known.

The evidences of the respect in which he was held by the people of this city, irrespective of denominational affiliations, have been cumulative ever since the day of his death; and reference to his kindly and responsive nature from those who never were in his congregation but have been helped by his personal intercourse have been frequent.

The newspapers of the city have always been remarkably cordial in their references to Dr. Dyott, and the following tribute is quoted from one of them as it reflects the opinion of all:

"Dr. Dyott was one of the truly good men of Portland. His performance was on a level with his profession. He practiced in harmony with his preaching. The spirit of the great Teacher that he followed was through him and around him. The gentleness, the kindness, the justice, and the humility of the crucified Nazarene were commanding traits in Dr. Dyott.

"To stand in his presence was to feel the touch of a radiant soul, to sense the presence of a sweet life. To know him was stimulus for believing more deeply in the things for which he toiled for a lifetime through, and in the advocacy of which he gave his last breath.

"The career of a good man, in the influence it leaves upon those with whom he walked and worked, is a precious human asset. It turns doubt into belief and halting into faith. It leaves a mark that is unseen to human eye but which lives on in the memory of those about, to inspire, to encourage, to lead, and to guide. It is an end for other men to strive for, a guiding star for other men to steer by, a chart for other men to pore over in sailing life's turbulent seas.

"A well lived life is a better legacy to bequeath to a community than any material endowment that falls from the hand of a stricken millionaire. That kind of a career lives on to help speed the race forward in the gathering movement for sublimer and more exalted impulses. A Dr. Dyott gone suggests that regret that such men ever have to leave the earth."

The funeral of Dr. Dyott took place in his church and was conducted by Rev. Hugh G. Ross, D.D., of Seattle, by request of his family, and was marked by extreme simplicity, as was the custom of Dr. Dyott upon all such occasions. The attendance was very large, many of the ministers and laity from other churches being present in addition to those of the Congregational order.

Dr. Dyott is survived by his wife and two children—a son, Gaven C., a medical student in the Medical College in the University of Oregon; and a daughter, Miss Adele Y., a teacher in the Lincoln High School. His remains were taken by his wife last Friday morning to Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, and will be interred near the place where he began his career as a minister of the gospel.

Portland, December 30, 1917.

It is a beautiful art—the art of living well in poverty. It calls for an alert intelligence and a cultivated taste and a ready invention. It is not the vocation of a dullard. Brains must be mixed with it. One who takes it up with courage and good-will finds in it culture for all the finer faculties. —Washington Gladden.

For The Children.

TWO FACES.

Have you ever seen a person who had two faces? I have seen such people. These strange folks can change their faces whenever they wish.

One girl I met first at Sabbath school and then visiting among her friends. The face she had on at these times was sweet and kind, so I thought her a very pretty girl. I supposed she always wore such a face, for people are supposed to have only one. But one day I went to her house, and, just think, she had on a face so ugly and cross-looking I hardly knew her. She changed quickly, but not before I saw it. If she had worn that face out in company no one would have liked her, but I learned it was her home face.

A little boy I know has the finest face, all smiles and sunshine, that he puts on whenever he can have his own way. But just let some one cross him in anything, and instantly he puts on a face covered over with pouts and frowns. And he will wear that ugly face until we all are very tired of it.

Another boy I knew had on one face that he used when he worked and a very different face that he wore when he played. His work face was long and the corners of the mouth drew down. It made him look very unhappy. And to look at him made mamma sad. But his play face, which he put on when he could play ball or go fishing, was so round and smiling that you would think him the happiest boy anywhere.

I know a man who had two faces when he was a boy, but now he has just one, and it is the ugly face. That is the way all these two-faced people get. I would rather have just one smiling face and wear it all the time.—Our Little Folks.

COMPLAINTS FROM THE TOP DRAWER.

Ruby Hartland was in school and had just been sent to the blackboard to do an example in arithmetic. Of course she could not hear how the inmates of her top bureau drawer were talking about her.

It is not kind to talk about absent people unless you say good things of them, but perhaps under the circumstances the speakers might have been excusable.

It was the pink silk neck-tie that began the conversation.

"O, dear, how dreadfully I do look! I've wrinkles from one end to the other. I might be any old thing instead of a neck-tie only a fortnight in use. If Miss Helen had known how roughly I should be handled she would never have taken me out of her orderly box and given me to that careless niece of hers. She said I was so pretty that Ruby must have me—I would be so becoming to her complexion. She seemed to be very much pleased when I was given to her—that niece of Miss Helen's; the first time she wore me all the girls said, 'O, Ruby, what a pretty neck-tie you have!' and when she took me off she folded me up carefully and laid me in a box—but since then she pulls me off quite carelessly and throws me into the drawer, literally without any respect to my feelings. O, dear, I'll never be fit to be seen again!"

"Well, you can't do all the complaining!" exclaimed the handkerchief with the pretty lace border. "Look at me—I'm all in a wad and stuck up with molasses candy, which

she put in her pocket with me one day—that girl Ruby I heard her mother say, 'Now, Ruby, I want you to be careful and not lose this handkerchief, but keep it for Sundays.' She did not lose me, to be sure, but I might have been better off if she had, for some one might have picked me up who would have recognized my value and treated me as I deserve. I try to straighten myself out, but I'm stuck together so tight in places that I have to give it up, it hurts me so."

"We've been so depressed at our shocking condition that we've talked together about it in whispers, although we did not speak out aloud," said the twins in one voice. The twins were a pair of tan colored kid gloves, with white stitching on the back. "Now you've spoken we will have our say too, although we don't like to be the starters of an agitation." Then they thrust out their fingers and in a wailing tone of voice went on:

"Look at those—we've been chewed and chewed and I tell you that girl's teeth are sharp. She has a pretty glove box, but she never puts us in it. Between us we have but one button to boast of. O, it is shocking. I hope she will never put us on again—we would rather stay shut up here all the rest of our days than be brought out before the world to be humiliated."

"Now I'll come to the front, if you please, and state my case," and the piece of embroidery that had expected to be the centre piece on the family Christmas table spoke out:

"It's a dreadful disappointment to be chosen to fill an honored place and then to be pushed off in a corner soiled and rumpled to such an extent that your appearance would not be at all desirable. See me! I was to have had a border of scarlet carnations all round me, just like these two carnations in the corner. Aren't they beautiful? But that girl got tired of me and squeezed me all up and thrust me, any way but gently, into the corner of this drawer. It won't be long before Christmas, but I shan't be finished to take my place where I was designed to be."

"We're worse off than you are!" exclaimed the skeins of scarlet embroidery silk that rolled out of the centre piece. "We are peace lovers, but we are obliged to be in a snarl all the time with the green silk that should have been used for stems and leaves; and do the best we can we can't get out of the snarls and be smooth and straight as we used to be."

A low wail went through the top bureau drawer and Ruby's mother coming in at that moment said: "I wonder if there is a mouse in that drawer." When she opened it she threw up both her hands.

"What a looking place," she exclaimed. "Ruby is the trial of my life—such careless ways as she has! I must do something to make her get more orderly habits, or she will make it hard for herself and those with whom she comes in contact in her home life as long as she lives."

Later the complainants in the case saw the mother and daughter standing by the open top drawer. "I wish you to take everything out of this drawer," said the mother in an authoritative tone of voice, and arrange it as it should be, and put the things where they belong. It is a Christian duty to learn to be orderly and unless you cultivate this duty you will find yourself in many an unpleasant condition. It is a wanton destruction of property, too, to abuse your things in such a way.

"Your gloves, which ought to have lasted in good condition a long time, are not fit to wear and you've only had them a few weeks—and your other things are shamefully cared for."

The things in the drawer sort of smiled at each other.

They were glad justice was going to be meted out to them at last. Ruby wanted to go to the park with the girls, but she knew she must do what her mother had said.

So every inmate of that bureau drawer was taken out. Many of them had not had time to tell their woes though they wanted to. A clean paper was put in the bottom and then everything was placed in it as it should be. This took most of the afternoon. When Ruby's mother came in later, she said, "That drawer looks very nicely, my dear. I hope you will always keep it so. You will find it so much easier to have every thing in its right place, and in a proper condition because it has been taken good care of when it was taken off."

Ruby kissed her mother and said, "Dear mother, I will try to be more orderly, for I know it tries you so much to have me as careless and thoughtless as I have been."

The occupants of the top drawer took courage when they heard Ruby say this. They settled themselves down quietly and smoothed out their wrinkles and snarls and no more wailing sounds were heard coming from its depths.—Susan Teall Perry.

A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

One day my Mother said to me;
"If you could choose just who you'd be,
Would you be queen, or prince, or king?
Just s'pose you could be anything."

It seemed quite wonderful to me
To think of all that I might be;
Of stately queens and princes bold,
Who wear gold crowns and sceptres hold!

I thought and thought for most a day,
I thought so hard I couldn't play;
But every choice has had this bother,—
Unless I'm I, I'd not have Mother.

—Rose Brooks in Christian Register.

MORALITY IN WRITING.

Morality in writing. Did you ever think of it? We are not speaking of the subjects discussed by writers, but just simple handwriting. Is there any morality in this? Certainly there is. Every one who has once learned to form the letters of the alphabet commits a crime when he writes so carelessly that another cannot read easily and certainly what he has written. Bad writing grows out of selfish carelessness and indifference to the interest of others. When the writer forms his letters so carelessly that he who receives his communication must take fifteen minutes to read it, when it should be read in five minutes, he has stolen ten minutes of the time, to say nothing of the irritation caused. Every business man knows that many hours of valuable time are stolen from him in this way. When manuscript is prepared for the printer in this careless way, the typesetter must waste much time in deciphering it, and at last only guess at its meaning. Then the proofreader must lose more time in guessing whether the typesetter was right or not. All this wasted time must be paid for, but the careless writer who has stolen this time does not pay the bill. And if the guessing is not correct, and the letter is not properly answered, or the communication is not properly printed, the writer is much offended and gets mad, because mistakes were made. Then letters of ex-

planation must be written. The writer never realizes that the bad writing is responsible. The careless writer not only violates the Eighth Commandment, but he also violates the Golden Rule, for he certainly does not do to others as he would have others do to him. Moral: Take time to write carefully or get a typewriter.—The Presbyterian.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it.
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these;
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way,
None came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safely away;
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! oh life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

—Mary Lydia Branch.

Jesus Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Bid, O bid, this world-war cease.
Love for man drew Thee to earth,
Teach Thou man sweet mercy's worth.
By Thy Cross—Love's sacred wood—
Make the world one brotherhood.

Sing, ye angels, sing again,
Peace on earth—O blessed strain!
Let your voices sweet proclaim
Peace to all in Jesus' name:
Tell the Nations, heralds dear,
Christ, the Prince of Peace, is here!

—Mary Byrne.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

—Matthew Arnold.

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